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FROM THE CINCINNATTI MIRROR.

Gertrude Beverly.

BY MRS. I. L. DUMONT.

——Is this my own reflection!
Prithee, tell me, is this the first true mirror
I have looked in!

Gertrude Beverly, an orphan and an heiress, had grown up with all the manifold privileges and immunities, to which an heiress has prescriptive right;—"a charter large as the winds," withal, to enact whatever part she chose, of folly or wisdom. An invitation from the Ellison's, an amiable and quiet family, in a quiet village, some two days' journey from her native city, and the sudden caprice of the moment, determined her to spend with them the few remaining months of her minority. Though very distant, they were her nearest surviving relatives, and had therefore some claim to her attention. A creature of fashionable fantastics, gay volatile, vain and conscious of power, dressed in the extreme of fashionable elegance, and seeming to regard life rather as a pageant than a mere every day concern, she arrived at the neat but secluded mansion. I shall not like her," thought Mrs. Ellison, as she ushered her into her snug little parlor: but Mrs. Ellison was mistaken. "How terribly proud she must be," thought the sober, though kind hearted matron, as she stood waiting the uncloaking and unbonnetting of her guest; but this idea also, was of transient dominance. Miss Beverly's eyes—Mrs. Ellison could not tell whether they were blue or black—were lifted to her face; and "how very beautiful," was the next thought that succeeded. It forced itself, indeed, into almost audible utterance, as the clustering locks of golden brown were thrown back from her bright forehead like a flood of sunlight, and her countenance, beaming with open trust and sunny emotions, was turned fully towards her censor.—"But she is shockingly giddy," said the imposing shake of the head which next followed, as Gertrude, upon whom her new position seemed to have imposed as little check, as the transfer from one tree to another, does upon the glad notes of the forest bird, ran on from one theme of trifling to another in rapid succession; still her new friends listened, and Gertrude still ran on, and by degrees they *forgot to remember* that wisdom was so altogether more proper than folly. Her smile was so bright, it pervaded every little corner of the heart: her merry laugh came over one like the sound of spring, and her voice, soft, rich and full of musical intonation, was a continuous tide of melody.

"I am afraid, my dear, you will be sadly lost in so very a retired place as this," said Mrs. Ellison, as the day wore wearily away; "but the teacher of the female seminary here, an amiable and highly accomplished girl, is fortunately, at this time, our boarder, and you will find her a gifted and agreeable companion." "Some demure old maid, I suppose," thought Miss Beverly, "and still worse, a blue stocking. Good angels defend me if"——"Miss Hartland, Miss Beverly;" interrupted Mrs. Ellison, as a young woman, apparently scarcely eighteen, with a pale, mild countenance, of singular beauty, at that moment entered. "I hope, my dear young ladies, you will soon be friends.—If not equally unfortunate, you are both orphans, and this should be a link of sympathy between you."

"Is that the young woman you spoke of, my dear Mrs. Ellison?" exclaimed Gertrude, the moment that Miss Hartland left the room; "why you told me—no, not exactly told; but I had an idea that she was so very different; she is so young, and so extremely lovely. Gladly would I cultivate her friendship; but methinks, I should know as little how to speak to her, as to a beautiful engraving."

"You will find a far deeper interest in the character of Eliza Hartland, than mere beauty can afford. She has been reared in all the elegancies of wealth and fashion; but the death of her parents, while it revealed the ruin that had been gradually settling upon their fortune, threw her at the age of fifteen upon the single support of a young brother, whose education was yet unfinished, who had scarcely given a thought to any pursuit of life, though it could not be bowed to dependence or despondency. The creditors of his father were disposed to be lenient in behalf of the unprovided orphans; but far from seeking he would admit of no commutation; and the minutest article of the estate, even those which had already been appropriated to himself and sister, were finally disposed of, that not a farthing should be left unpaid. This rigid justice was not without effect. His character was at once firmly based; and an employment in an extensive mercantile establishment, enabled him at once to continue his sister at the fashionable school where she had been placed by her parents. But Eliza shared his own proud virtues. She knew her brother still cherished a strong preference for the profession for which he had been originally destined, and that with only himself to provide for, he might yet attain it. She early looked forward to the time when her own exertions would secure her support, and with an untiring industry, that could not fail of obtaining its object, she strove to perfect herself in those branches of female accomplishment which she now regarded not as mere accomplishments but as attainments, positively enforced by gratitude and duty.—Her native gentleness and manners, and elevation of character were favorable to her purpose; and it is more than a year since she has become the principal teacher in the young ladies' seminary of this place. Her brother has devoted himself to his favorite profession, and is at this time attending a course of law lectures in your own city."

"Quite a tale of romance," said Miss Beverly; "and truly, Miss Hartland's countenance is in fine keeping with the character of a heroine: with that calm, pure brow of hers, and eyes, that when you look into them, you feel as if looking down in deep waters when the moon is shining on them. Oh, I know we shall be friends. You know, my dear madam, there was never a heroine without some dear, dear friend to act as a foil: and I have just come to take that place. How very fortunate! We shall love one another so entirely."

But Miss Beverly was also mistaken. Eliza Hartland's manner towards her was from the first, as gentle as a sister's; and it would have been difficult to define the kind of distance still preserved.—There was nothing in it of avoidance, or coldness, or repulsiveness; and yet, there was an impalpable something that drew around her a line like a magic circle, over which no advance of familiarity might be urged. Her faculties were at all times called into the readiest requisition to oblige Miss Beverly. She sang for her—played for her—sketched for her—drew patterns for her—assisted at her toilette, and all this with the most perfect pleasure; but here their intelligence stopped; and Gertrude who had planned unbounded munificence towards the indigent orphan, found it impossible to make any return for her own daily acts of kindness. Eliza had no wants, no desires, no fancies, no sorrows to communicate, no lost privileges to regret. If Gertrude sometimes tost over the elegant baubles and costly ornaments, which form so large a part of female expenditure, to find some offering for her friend—when she had made her selection. Eliza had quietly withdrawn. If, when an occasional shade upon Eliza's brow told her of remembered griefs, or the weariness of unremitted exertion, she would have proffered sympathy, the shade was thrown off as soon as noted, and succeeded by a smile of placid sweetness.

"She is a strange girl," thought Gertrude Beverly; "can all this be pride!—Pride! under that meek and gentle bearing!—the idea was preposterous. Has she no heart?" A thousand instances, even the expression of her countenance at that moment, gave answer; for she was speaking of her brother's expected return, and there was a new and animated light in her calm eye.

"And is this brother of yours, whose promised coming has given so rich a tint to your cheek, is he much like you Eliza?"

"Oh, he is all;" but Miss Hartland checked herself, and laughed at the half spoken eulogy, while she added, "you will consider him a very selfish animal, for he is too much engrossed by his own pursuits to take any part in general society."

"General society!" repeated Gertrude, mentally; "and with this, I suppose then, I am still to be classed."

The brother at last came; and it was then that the full title of Eliza's deep, though still spirit, poured itself out in the strong flow of affectionate gladness. It was met too, by all the unsuppressed ardor of a brother's honest, fondest love, while it is yet the tenderest tie that the young heart owns; and Gertrude Beverly felt, perhaps for the first time, that the hidden wealth of the soul scatters a glory upon the path of life, not caught from its imposing splendors. Ethwald Hartland—I was going to describe him; but how very idle. Some thousands of written portraits, thanks to "our predecessors," who has spared us the want of "original" likenesses, embrace all that can be told of dark eyes, intellectual brows and fine figures. That distinctive something, which after all, constitutes the character of the whole,—which rendered Ethwald Hartland at once a being separate from all whom Gertrude Beverly had met in her long round of gaiety,—language has no *signs* for it. Among the many worshippers at the shrine of the lovely heiress, there had been more than one distinguished in the circles of elegance and high life; but it was with the young and nameless Hartland, that Gertrude felt, for the first time, that consciousness of a superior presence.

He spent a half an hour with his sister in the evening, and as the reserve, imposed by the fair stranger, gradually wore away; he gave new life and impulse to the fire-side circle. The gathered treasures of a cultivated mind, flashing in its own light like gems to the sun—the refinements of just taste, and fervor of deep feelings—these gave a tone to the society of Ethwald Hartland, to which Gertrude was a stranger. Eliza too, was so animated during her brother's visits; no wonder his well known step was heard with quickened pulses, and thus diffusing pleasure around him, what wonder his own eye flashed with a deepened light as he took his seat between his sister and her friend. In truth, this half hour soon became gradually lengthened, and it is evident his wonted pursuits, had no longer so very absorbing an influence. Having one day stepped into Miss Hartland's room in her absence Gertrude's eye was arrested by a pair of plain ear rings, which lay on her table, and the thought struck her of attaching to them the costly drops she wore in her own. While thus engaged, she heard Eliza's step on the stairs, and unwilling to be detected until she had completed her little arrangement, she slid into an adjoining chamber. The door was ajar, and the voice of Hartland, who entered a few minutes after her distinctly reached her.

"Where is Miss Beverly?" he enquired "I do not often find you alone."

"And this is the reason, dear Ethwald, I suppose, that your visits have been somewhat prolonged of late. If, so I will call her immediately."

"Nonsense! Eliza; though now since you have mentioned her, pray what is your estimate of her! Is her mind or character worthy of her face and form?"

"She is a warm-hearted affectionate girl!"

"And her mind?"

"That is no requisite of female loveliness."

"Pshaw! Has she intellect or not! or that kind of cultivation—"

"She has all the accomplishments belonging to fashionable life."

"Ah! I understand you. She can sing a little, dance exquisitely, draw a little, and is perfect mistress of the art of personal embellishment. So then, this is all. Why, Gertrude Beverly was formed for something beyond this. Every feature is instinct with higher capabilities. But, Eliza, I am glad—from my soul I am—that her personal loveliness is her only claim."

"And, why?"

'Because, did you not tell me, she is an heiress?'

'And you would therefore be an unsuccessful wooer.'

'I would, therefore, not be a wooer at all; no, not even were I certain of success. I have no ambition to owe my bread to my wife's inheritance. Yes, Hartland continued, 'It is well; it is all well, indeed, for were I not a beggar, I know not what folly her beauty might lead me on to commit. There is a strange charm about her—a sportiveness like that of childhood, giving interest to her most unmeaning remarks; and her voice, why it thrills thro' and through me like a rich instrument, to whose tones the accompanying words add nothing.'

'Ethwald!' said Eliza, in a tone of quiet tenderness; 'you must not give me so much of your time as you have of late. It is a sacrifice you cannot afford.'

'You are right, my sweet sister, quite right;' said the brother, laughing; but there was bitterness in the tone. 'I will obey you, too, as I would an oracle, so, good bye, and I will not see you again for a week.'

He was faithful to his promise, and when he again called, his manner was changed. There was a deepened glow, too, on Miss Beverly's cheek, not caught from the sunset's crimson, reflected round her, and mutual restraint seemed to have chained the feelings of both. The spell of delight was dissolved—they met again in reciprocal reserve, and when soon after Miss Beverly returned to her native city, though the restless eye of Hartland told of troubled emotion, his manner was marked by politeness only. Eliza's adieus were those of kindness; but still the gathered quietude of her brow, told a consciousness that they were treading different paths, and for them, therefore, there could be no green places—no fountains of communion in common. Meanwhile, young Hartland completed his preparatory studies, and was now, according to his original purpose, to establish himself in the nearest city.

'You will call on Miss Beverly,' said Mrs. Ellison, as Hartland was about taking leave; 'I have a packet for her, which I wish you to hand her yourself. No unwelcome commission, if one may judge by that change of colour, and Gertrude will be so glad to see you, though her letters of late are far less cheerful than they were formerly; but I hope it is only that her spirits are getting a little tamed.'

The charge, indeed, was far from being a pleasant one. It was sometime after his arrival, before he could summon sufficient courage to fulfil it, and when he at last knocked at the door of the elegant mansion, to which he had been directed, there was an embarrassment in his manner, that he had striven vainly to throw off. The deep, rich glow of pleasure, which lit up the features of Gertrude Beverly, however, at his entrance, operated upon him like a spell, and one glance swept away all recollections of the past and thoughts of the future. Was she indeed changed? or was he self deluded?—She certainly seemed to him far lovelier than he had yet seen her, and there was a tone of thought and of cultivated feeling in her conversation which he had been far from associating with her memory. There was a shade, too, of pensiveness through which the glee of her nature still flung its bright gleamings, like sunshine through shadowing foliage, that gave a deepened interest to her exceeding beauty. 'And this is the being,' thought Hartland, 'whom I deemed but a thing for passing admiration; but if even then I was not master of myself in her presence, what am I now doing here?' He rose to depart—he struggled to speak, even with coldness, but his voice faultered and his eye was full of passionate tenderness.

'I should be happy to see you sometimes, Mr. Hartland;' said Miss Beverly, in a voice of bewildering sweetness. 'You are not perhaps aware——'

Hartland trembled from head to foot. 'Of what?'

'That I have no longer the power to draw around me, those who are only to be attracted by wealth. You look surprised, but the failure of a guardian, involving the ruin of those consigned to his care, is no singular tale in this world of change—and perhaps, after all, I have no reason to repine.' Had Gertrude lifted her eyes to those of her auditor, the sudden and intense light that flashed from his, might have awakened a doubt of the sympathy she must have reasonably anticipated; but her own were accidentally averted, and the vehement earnestness of his enquiries, at once exposed all the interest proper for the occasion.

'I have nothing to regret,' she continued, as she assured him of the remediessness of her wrongs; 'I have learned many a needful lesson from my disappointments; and, however I may be forgotten by the crowd, there are still those whose friendship my changed fortunes have not alienated. Among these are the family, under whose roof I have still a home; and such shall I find in the kind hearted Mrs. Ellison, though I have yet foreborne to pain her with the detail of my affairs, and in your gentle and lovely sister, and—and—yourself, Mr. Hartland, for somewhat coldly as you have seemed hitherto to regard me—as indigent and dependent, Gertrude has now a claim upon your better feelings.'

'Coldly!' repeated Hartland, and his own poverty—his uncertain prospects—his former doubts were all utterly forgotten. Passion was in his soul—strong mighty, uncontrollable. Who in such a moment takes counsel of the future. It was only amid the delirious rapture of reciprocal avowal, that he at last remembered he might not make her the sharer of those struggles which yet necessarily awaited him. But hope was fresh in his heart, and his spirit was strong in the consciousness of its own gifts. A brief space, and he trusted that he might offer her a home, at least secure from want.—Gertrude had risen proudly above the loss of fortune, and the strength of character, that had buoyed her thus up, would still enable her to dispense with its privileges. Pictures of domestic happiness rose upon his soul like rainbows upon the sky, shedding light, and beauty, and promise upon his path; and Gertrude listened to his impassioned anticipations with frank, though blushing approval. But the guerdon of professional merit, however surely, is but slowly awarded; and the animated hope, with which he had looked forward to the meed of intense industry, rapidly yielded to the chill of common reality. Passion is no patient abider of delays;—Ethwald soon became restless and miserable, and his daily visits to Gertrude, but fed the feverish anxieties of his soul. Gertrude herself decided his struggles.

'If,' said she, with a smile of cheering confidence; 'if I am hereafter to be a sharer of your prosperity, let me also be of its preliminary gloom. It is while we are to be barred from life's brighter scenes that we need the solace of affection. I have indeed, a strong trust that the clouds now gathering around you, are but for a season; but if it be otherwise, we will still meet the tempest together. And surely, Ethwald, you cannot for my sake hesitate, when you recollect that, while you are striving for wealth, your betrothed is a dependent upon those, upon whom she has no claim.'

'True: this was a point he had not yet urged to himself, but it was decisive. Besides it was ecstacy to be thus urged on, even to madness, by tenderness like Gertrude's; and it now only remained to complete the arrangements for their union. Miss Beverly expressed a strong desire for the supporting presence of Eliza, and a few lines, in which Hartland sketched the recent events, conveying to the astonished girl the summons to his bridal. She obeyed with alacrity. The shade of distance, which mixed feelings had thrown over her manner towards the gay and brilliant heiress, was melted away as they now met, and one glance told the simply robed and deeply blushing Gertrude, that the interchange of heart, of which she had been so emulous in their former intercourse, might now be attained. Eliza was attended thither by the Ellisons, and they, with the family, with whom Gertrude resided, were the only witnesses of the ceremony.

'And, why must Eliza leave us?' enquired Gertrude, the following day, as the former was preparing already for her return. 'Why should not our home in future be her's also?

Hartland's countenance changed.—The question awakened like a blow, from the trance of happiness, into which love had lulled him. His home! what a world of harassing realities the term had conjured up. He felt himself suddenly arraigned for his precipitancy, and a train of musings upon that future upon which not only his own fate, but that of her whom he passionately loved, was now cast, absorbed his every faculty.—Gertrude leaned towards him, and placed her fair hand in his: but a smothered sigh was the only response. She had never looked livelier than at the moment. There was a playful light upon her features, mingled with an expression of deep feeling, that gave a kind of shifting radiance to her whole countenance.

'Ethwald,' she softly murmured, as she drew away the hand he had pressed upon his brow; 'what would you think of her, who could stoop to obtain a husband by stratagem?'

'Stratagem!'

'Ay. Is there any statute, by which a husband so obtained, might receive redress for the fraud? Or, would it be a new case in court!'

Hartland smiled upon the lovely querist: but there was something in her speaking features, that perplexed him.

'Nay; but it is no idle question. Such a case is positively to be brought to issue, and the *defendant* would fain put her cause in your hands.' Gertrude's white arms were entwined around her husband's neck. 'Pardon! a thousand times, dearest Ethwald; it was not only in an assumed character, I could hope to win your love. Oh, let me still retain it, and we shall be happy in affluence as in the poverty I was induced to feign.'

Among those whose names stand nigh in professional eminence, as well as those surrounded by the splendors of wealth, Ethwald Hartland took an early and distinguished place; and if Gertrude is yet vain, it is only of the wreaths that bind the brow of her husband.

Persian Mode of Taming Shrew.

Sadik Beg was of good family, handsome in person, and possessed of both sense and courage but he was poor, having no property but his sword and horse, with which he served as a gentleman retainer of a nabob. The latter satisfied of the purity of Sadik's descent, and entertaing a respect for his character, determined to make him the husband of his daughter. Hooseinee, who, tho' beautiful, as her name implied, was remarkable for her haughty manner and ungovernable temper. Giving a husband of the condition of Sadik Beg, to a lady of Hooseinee's rank was, according to usage in such unequal matches, like giving her a slave; and as she heard a good report of his personal qualities, she offered no objection to the marriage, which was celebrated soon after it was proposed and apartments were assigned to the happy couple in the nabob's palace. Some of Sadik Beg's friends rejoiced in his good fortune; as they saw, in the connection he had formed, a sure prospect of his advancement. Others mourned the fate of so fine and promising a young man, now condemned to bear through life all the humors of a proud and capricious woman: but one of his friends, a little man called Merdek, who was completely henpecked, was particularly rejoiced, and quite chuckled at the thought of seeing another in the same condition with himself.

About a month after the nuptials Merdek met his friend and with malicious joy wished him joy of his marriage.—

'Most sincerely do I congratulate you Sadik,' said he, 'on this happy event!'

'Thank you, my good fellow, I am very happy indeed; and rendered so by the joy I perceive it gives my friends.'

'Do you really mean to say that you are happy?' said Merdick with a smile.

'I really am so,' replied Sadik.

'Nonsense!' said his friend; do we not all know to what a termigant you are united! and her temper and high rank combined must no doubt make her a sweet companion.' Here he burst into a loud laugh, and the little man actually strutted with a feeling of superiority over the bridegroom, Sadik, who knew his situation and his feelings, was amused instead of being angry.

'My friend,' said he 'I quite understand the grounds of your apprehensions for my happiness. Before I was married, I had heard the same reports as you have done of my beloved bride's disposition; but I am happy to say I have found it quite otherwise! she is a most docile and obedient wife.

'But how has this miraculous change been wrought!'

'Why,' said Sadik, 'I believe I have some merit in effecting it, but you shall hear. After the ceremonies of the nuptials were over, I went in my military dress, and with my sword by my side, into the apartment of Hooseinee. She was sitting in a most dignified posture to receive me, and her looks were any thing but inviting. As I entered the room, a beautiful cat, evidently a favourite; came pouring up to me. I deliberately drew my sword, struck its head off, and taking that in one hand, and the body in the other, threw them out of the window. I then very unconcernedly turned to the lady, who appeared in some alarm; she however, made no observations, but was in every way kind and submissive, and has continued so ever since.'

'Thank you, my dear fellow," said little Merdek; with a significant shake of the head, 'a word to the wise;' and away he capered, obviously quite rejoiced.

It was near evening when this conversation took place; soon after, when the dark cloak of night had enveloped the bright radiance of day, Merdek entered the chamber of his spouse, with something of a martial swagger, armed with a scymitar. The unsuspecting cat came forward as usual, to welcome the husband of her mistress, but in an instant her head was divided from her body; by a blow from the hand that had so often caressed her. Merdek having proceeded so far courageously, stopped to take up the discovered members of the cat, but before he could effect this, a blow upon the side of the head from the incensed lady laid him sprawling on the floor.—The tattle and scandal of the day spreads from zenaneh to zenaneh with surprising rapidity, and the wife of Merdek saw in a moment whose example he imitated.

'Take that,' said she, as she gave him another cuff, 'take that, you paltry wretch; you should,' she added, laughing him to scorn, 'have killed the cat on the wedding day!'

Destruction of a Swiss Village.

The fate that befel the village of Biel, situated in one of the lateral valleys in the upper part of the valais, was singular and appalling. It contained three or four thousand inhabitants, an industrious race who cultivated their little territory, and lived almost wholly on its produce. Many a wild vale and tract, even of beauty in this land, lies so remote from the beaten track of travellers as rarely to be visited; one of these was shut in on three sides by lofty mountains, covered with snow the greater part of the year. It was a savage and lonely abode, but its people were deeply attached to their homes; and though, like many of the Swiss peasantry, they might murmur at times at their lot, they would have refused to exchange it for a more flattering one in another land. The accident that desolated every hearth, and crushed all their hopes and toils, occurred in the midst of winter.

"The village was encompassed by mountains, from which the oldest inhabitants had never known avalanches fall, or had ever heard their fathers speak of such an event; so that the people dwelt in security, nor dreamed of a swift and terrible destruction.

"One morning most of the men were at work in the fields; few, except the women, the aged, and the sick, remained within doors, and the former were busied in their household occupations. The fall of snow this year had been unusually heavy, but it could not be conceived that death was to be hurled from the distance of two leagues, from a summit that was not even visible,—yet so it was. The morning was a clear and beautiful one, when those who were at work in the fields suddenly heard a rushing sound, and, looking back, saw an immense body of snow issue forth from the mouth of a ravine; it had travelled six miles through this ravine from the precipice where it fell. The village lay directly beneath and the avalanche buried it: cottages, gardens, and trees, all disappeared! It was but the rush of a few moments, for the loosened mass fell with the rapidity of a cataract; and the wretched villagers looked on the calm and dazzing surface of snow that slept horribly on their hearths and homes beneath. The shouts of the children, the cheerful call of the mother, the guardian cry of the village dog, were hushed now. They gathered quickly round, and plied every effort of strength and skill to remove the snow. The peasants from the nearest hamlets hastened to assist; but the snow lay on the roofs to the depth of many hundred feet, and for a long time their efforts were in vain: it was a lingering and miserable work, for no one knew the fate of those who were beneath. The father knew not he were childless, or the husband if he should find his wife living or slain! They called aloud, and shouted during their toil, but nothing, save some faint cries or groans, could be heard. They were like gamblers, frenzied with the hopes and fears of each cast, and bending in agony over the yet unclaimed piles of gold. Had a great painter been at the foot of the mountain, he would have loved to trace the scene—the agitated groups of peasantry digging into the heart of the fatal avalanche, and each drawing nearer and nearer at every stroke to his own home, that he panted yet dreaded to see.

"And when the canopy of snow was removed—and this was the work of some days—it seemed that the dead were more happy than the living who were found. The latter were miserably maimed and crushed, and they had remained long beneath the snow without food, or light or motion; for the darkness, they said,

was dreadful to bear. Numbers lay dead: some in their chambers that were shattered above them, some without doors in their little garden, or wherever the destruction found them. They had either lingered or died alone, for help in the sudden darkness and terror the other. Sixty or eighty of the coffided were carried to the nearest hospital: poverty and sorrow came on every family, and that greatest curse of the peasant—loneliness.

"The roof that was destroyed, and the little garden that was laid waste, might be raised again: but who could restore the lost wife and children! Who could bring again the little circle that gathered round the hearth at morn and eve! 'The golden bowl!' of the poor Swiss was rudely 'broken in pieces,' and the heart was almost seared by the blow that took all, even all, from him! Yet one was 'left behind.'

"It so happened, however, that *one* was left; a little boy five years of age was found alive and unharmed, clinging to the neck and body of a faithful dog. When the mass of snow fell, and his mother and the other children perished, he had clasped, in his terror, the large dog which chanced to be close to him at the moment. The sagacious animal covered him with his body, and laid gently down beside him during the long darkness; the warmth of the body, as well as his companionship cheered the little fellow through the trying scene. He gave a simple and touching detail of his own feelings, and the sounds of anguish and despair that he had heard from hour to hour."

Polish Gratitude.

The following address, expressive of the feelings of those unfortunate men who are now in our city, is a translation, as literal as the idioms of the language will admit, of the original document, in the handwriting of the gentleman whose name it bears, and who was charged with the office of making known to our citizens the impression which their timely aid has produced on the hearts of its objects.

U. S. Gazette.

ADDRESS OF THE POLISH EXILES.

To the citizens of Philadelphia:

Since the tyrant of the north has subjugated our unhappy country, the sons of Poland have been dispersed throughout the globe, to bring their complaints before the free nations of the world.

The *Austrian capital*, which, without the aid of the valiant Sobieski, might at this day have been wearing the yoke of Mussulman barbarity; *France*, in whose cause the waters of the Nile, the Tiber, the Tagus, the Gaudiana and the Elster, have been crimsoned with Polish blood; *that France*, in whose cause the burning sands of Egypt, the pestilential climate of St. Domingo, and the snows of frozen Siberia, have swallowed up so many of our brave warriors; in a word, *all* Europe, which our last struggle, for a time perhaps, shielded from the invasion of northern barbarians—*ungrateful Europe* has forbidden us to breathe her air, and has driven us, like the victims of some contagious malady, beyond the confines of her territory.

But heaven, as if moved by our tears, has at length been pleased to solace our afflictions, and to grant us a respite from so many calamities. The free country of the Washingtons, the Jeffersons and the William Penns, welcomes us to its hospitality. *American* citizens stretch forth to us their fraternal arms. We find ourselves in the enjoyment of the same rights and the same protection as those who have fought for the liberty and independence of this happy country. But, generous Americans! what have we been able to bring with us to this home of the free? What, but a pure conscience, the remembrance of our ancient glory, and a determination to become useful citizens in the land of our adoption? What service have we been able to render you? Yet you honor us with your friendships, aid us with your counsels, and relieve us with your generosity.

But it is to you in particular, citizens of Philadelphia, that in the name of their compatriots, and in the name of their country, the Poles, to whom you have condescended to extend your protection, would testify their heartfelt gratitude. Our first arrival in your city was marked by a sympathy for our condition.

To the venerable chairman of your committee, Mr. Carey, the constant protector of all the unfortunate, whose heart is ever open to the calls of suffering humanity, we would express our profound and grateful acknowledgments, begging him to impart the same to those benevolent citizens who are united with himself in the discharge of the arduous labors undertaken on our account. We beg him to assure the committee, and all the citizens of Philadelphia, of the deep sentiments of esteem and gratitude with which our hearts are penetrated—sentiments which we shall carry with us into every situation, and retain to the last moment of our lives—sentiments which we shall endeavor to evince by zealous efforts to become useful to our American benefactors, and worthy of their continued regards.

(Signed on behalf of the Poles in Philadelphia.

MARTIN ROSENKIEWICZ.

Philadelphia, June 15, 1834.

Correspondence of the Journal of Commerce.

Nashville, Tenn. June 2, 1834.

Desperate Affray.

I just commit a hasty scrawl to mail, to inform you of a *pistoling* rencontre which took place very early this morning, in and about a fashionable house of refreshment, called Gowdey's, on the public square, and but a few rods from the State House, in which General Mabry, the member of Convention from Knox county, east Tennessee, bore a conspicuous part. The firing took place before breakfast, and as yet there is considerable bustle and excitement. I will however briefly state the facts that have come to my knowledge.

Gen. Mabry was to have been a witness against a notorious gambler and black-leg, whom the good people of Nashville began to think of ejecting from their usually quiet and orderly society. John Nelson, another actor in the scene, had come up from Knoxville in Knox county, where he edits a somewhat scurrillous little paper called "Uncle Sam,"—for the purpose of discrediting the testimony of Gen. Mabry; or in other words, of stating that the said General was not worthy to be believed on oath, —that one blackguard and gambler was just as respectable as another, &c. To rebut this testimony, Gen. Mabry being wealthy, had taken into his pay a fugitive from justice in East Tennessee, by the name of Lanier, and both, heavily armed with pistols sallied out this morning into the market-place, and passed through the crowds usually assembled there with a fierce and bristling air. Nelson was also in the market, armed, and fully aware of their designs.

After they had brushed by Nelson, he remarked to a gentleman, that those fellows meant to shoot him and that as they passed him he saw one of them put his hand in his bosom and grasp the butt of a pistol. He therefore declared his intention of getting out of their way. Nelson went into Gowdey's thinking they would not follow him for an assault in the house,—but while he was drinking a glass of soda, both came into the room, passed him, and went into the liquor bar, an inner apartment. Nelson had one pistol cocked in his pantaloons pocket, which while he was paying for his soda, accidentally exploded, burning his pocket, and ejecting the ball into the floor within an inch or two of his feet. Both the ruffians immediately rushed upon with drawn pistols, accusing him of firing upon them. His protestations that it was an accidental discharge, together with those of the person who attended upon the soda fount were of no avail. They both attempted to fire upon him. One pistol cap exploded, rendering the shot of no avail. I have not learned whether the other shot took effect or not. Nelson, nothing daunted, drew another pistol and made for Mabry, who ran and received the fire while upon the full gallop into the back apartment. The ball grazed the gentleman delegate's coat and pantaloons, but did nor trespass uhon his flesh and blood. Finding Nelson now without a charge, both of his assailants returned with their loaded pistols, and Mabry, as it is said, deliberately shot him through the body, while the other tied his head, and shot away a piece of his nose. The wounded man was then dragged into an adjoining store, by a humane citizen and the battle ceased.

I have just seen Doct. Waters, who extracted the ball from Nelson. He told that it entered just above the pelvis, passed quite thro' his body, and was cut out of his back, badly bruised, as if it had a rough passage. The intestines are not ascertained to be cut—so that there is a bare possibility he may recover.

Mabry has been arrested and held to bail to await the consequences, in the sum of *ten thousand dollars*, with three sureties. He occasionally takes his seat to-day in the Convention,—but seems to have a Cain-like expression on his brow.

Lanier fled—but the Governor's reward will be speedily offered. There seems a sensitiveness pervades the Convention, as if they did not feel themselves honored by the company of a gentleman so fresh in his bloody laurels—yet I know not what order will be taken upon the matter. You will see that this outrage is no stain upon the excellent citizens of Nashville. They universally reprobate it.

The following is an extract of a letter from a traveller, dated at St. Louis:—

"A few miles below Alton, on the Mississippi, I passed a deserted village, the whole population of which had been destroyed by the 'Milk Sickness.' The hamlet consisted of a couple of mills and a number of frame houses, not one of which was now tenanted but the dried weeds of last year choked the threshold of the latter, and the raceways of the mills were cumbered up with floating timber, while the green slime of two summers hung heavy upon their motionless wheels. Not an object but ourselves moved through the silent town; and the very crows themselves seemed to make a circuit around the fatal place when they came in view of the thickly sown burial ground on the skirts of the deserted village."

The Labors of Editors

May claim some indulgence from the circumstances in which they are performed.—Whatever may be the cares and calls of business or company, the disease or langour or anxieties which oppress the mind and body of the writer, his task must be finished on the appointed day and by a certain hour. There can be no delay, nor waiting for a more propitious season for composition. Toils of this kind are far more exhausting than those of a sedentary nature.

Mr. Madden says, "the compulsory toil of a periodical composition has a greater influence on the health, than voluntary labors to a far greater amount." This opinion is corroborated by an observation of Dr. Johnson, no mean authority on any subject connected with literary history. "He that condemns himself to compose on a stated day, will often bring to his taste an attention dissipated, a memory embarrassed, a mind distracted with anxieties, a body languishing with disease; he will labor on a barren topic till it is too late to change it; for in the ardor of invention his thoughts become diffused into a wild exuberance, which the pressing hour of publication cannot suffer judgment to examine or reduce."

"There is no labor more destructive to health than that of periodical literature, and in no species of mental application, or even of manual employment, is the wear and tear of body so early and so severely felt. The readers of those little articles which appear to cost so little labor in the various publications of the day, are little aware how many constitutions are broken down in the service of their literary taste."

Steam Packet to Owego.—We learn that a company is forming, under the auspices of several spirited citizens, to establish a line of Steam Packet Boats, from Wilkesbarre to Owego. Of course it is not expected or intended that this shall interfere with the early and vigorous prosecution of the Canal up the river to the State line. But were the canal in operation, as boats thereon move slowly and steam boats rapidly, it would be a great public convenience, for the conveyance of passengers, the Mail and light articles of valuable merchandize, to have a communication that should connect Wilkesbarre with Tioga point, and perhaps Owego, in a single day's sail. The cost of the experiment will not, we understand, exceed three or four thousand dollars. Should it succeed to our wishes the public advantage would be incalculably great, and the proprietors would reap a handsome and deserved reward for their enterprise. We do not question but that numbers along the River, at Athens and Owego, will be eager to take stock: and we hope the plan may be prosecuted with spirit, so that at least one Steam Boat may be successfully plying on its route early in the ensuing spring.

Wyoming Herald.

Clover Roots.—We received last week from Jos. Himmelright, of Milford township, in this county, a root of Clover which grew on the farm of Jonas Trexler, in Berks county.—Mr. Trexler was opening a new limestone quarry, and had to dig through about two feet of earth in getting to the stone. The great length of some of the roots was observed, and he was induced to make an examination of a root supposed to be only of one year's growth. One of the roots had run out to the astonishing length of four feet eleven inches, and several others to upwards of three feet.

Bucks County Intelligencer.

Portraits.—From 'Familiar Letters.'

John Hancock.—"Gov. Hancock was nearly six feet in stature, and of thin person, stooping a little, and apparently enfeebled by disease.—His manners were very gracious, of the old style of dignified complaisance. His face had been very handsome. At this time, (June, 1782, about noon,) Hancock was dressed in a red velvet cap, within which was one of fine linen. The latter was turned up over the lower edge of the velvet one, two or three inches. He wore a blue damask gown, lined with silk, a white stock, a white satin embroidered waistcoat, black satin small clothes, white silk stockings, and red morocco slippers.'

The following remarks respecting the well known itinerant preacher, Lorenzo Dow, are from the pen of Major Noah, the editor of the *New York Evening Star*, who is of the Jewish persuasion, are equally liberal and appropriate:

Lorenzo Dow.—In the life of this celebrated personage, though there were many things to draw down upon him the sneers of the world, there was much to commend. He was feeble in constitution, but enthusiastic in the simple doctrines he taught. There were many who might smile at his eccentricities, while they respected his zeal and sincerity; for he taught, like Fox and Welsey of old, what may be called the republicanism or democracy of the Christian creed, such as was preached by the humble fishermen and shepherds who followed its great founder. His language was coarse and shrewd; but he knew how to touch upon the cord that vibrates to the common sense of every man's intelligence. Like other enthusiasts, after so many years of toil, in which he often travelled from 7 to 10,000 miles a year, and preached from 6 to 700 hundred sermons, he saw himself without a home, or scarcely means to exist; for he had followed what too many think shadows, and lost therefore the substance. Necessity obliged him to peddle his tracts and pamphlets for a livelihood, and drove him to the still more sordid and unpardonable office of vending the nostrums and compounds of empiricism.

Saturday Afternoon.

It is Saturday afternoon. Once more the schoolhouse door has creaked upon its hebdomadal hinges;—the dog eared book yawns upon the deserted desk; the flies are buzzing and bumping their heads against the sunny window; the school-boy is abroad in the woods, and the schoolmaster has laid his birchen sceptre upon the shelf, and with it the cares and solicitudes of another week.

Saturday afternoon! Delightful season, when the mind, like a tired artisan, lays down its implements of toil; and leaves the long-accustomed handicrift! How sweet, amid the busy avocations of the week, to look forward to this short interval of repose, when, for a time at least, the grinding shall cease, and the heart be permitted to indulge its secret longings, and listen to the soft whispers of its own wayward fancies!—Surely the feelings of a school-boy linger around me still. I love the *dolce far niente* of Saturday afternoon!

It is an interlude between the swift-succeeding acts of life—the close of a seven-days' journey—a golden clasp, that shuts each weekly volume of our history, a goal, where Time, pauses to rest his wing, and turn his glass—a type of that longer interval of rest, when our evening sun shall be going down—when our lengthening shadow shall point towards morning—and we shall be looking forward to an eternal Sabbath!—*New York Knickerbocker.*

THE FAR WEST.

A newspaper has been established at Peoria, Illinois, with the title of the Illinois Champion and Peoria Herald. It contains a historical account of the town of Peoria. This town stands on Lake Peoria which is merely an enlargement of the Illinois river, and is about 240 miles above St. Louis and 200 from the Misisippi. The settlement is one of the oldest in the West. The first settlers were Frenchmen, and the town formed part of the chain of military and trading posts by which the French sought to connect their Canadian possessions with Louisiana.—But three quarters of a century they remained there, keeping up a limited trade with the Indians, with whom they were on friendly terms. They are cultivating the grape with much success, and it is recorded there that in 1769. They manufactured 110 hogsheads of Wine. The town was burnt in 1813 by the United State troops, then engaged in a warfare with the Indians. It was burnt again in 1818, and no settlement was again attempted until 1826, when the lots were sold to American settlers, but no houses were built until 1832. A year ago, there were but fifty or sixty inhabitants, now there are between three or four hundred. Last year there was but one store, now there are seven and the Herald states that 'in a few weeks there will be double that number.' It is estimated that one hundred houses will be built there during the present season. They have saw mills and grist mills, several of the latter using steam power. They are now erecting a court house in the *Ionic style of architecture*, and water works are in progress for supplying the place with water from springs a mile distant. They have besides four steamboats plying regularly to St. Lewis. All this for a town but two years old, is pretty well. Among all the villages and settlements which have sprung up as it were in a night in the deep bosom of a forest, there is none whose growth has been more rapid than the town of Peoria.

New York Times.

From the New York Mirror.

The Minute Book.

No. 10.

A Series of Familiar Letters from Abroad.

By Theodore S. Fay.

A gale on land—climate on the south of France bad for consumptive invalids—the Quay—wretched docks of New York—French shopkeepers—best way of travelling to Florence—theatre of Marseilles—indecency of all theatres.

When we left the ocean, I fancied I had done with *gales*; but this morning upon issuing forth from the broad archway and stone paved hall which embellish the entrance of the Hotel Beauvais, I was caught up by a perfect whirlwind, and deposited ten yards off round a corner, with a violence which almost threw me from my feet. If I had held an open umbrella, there is no saying where I should have landed. Various matters and things from house-tops and unwary shopkeepers' counters were flying about in the air. Every body was upon the full run, in the attitude of a man pressing a velocipede to its flight; and as several French gentlemen were borne past me upon the wind, I heard broken expressions in their own language, of which a literal English translation might be objectionable. This is seriously but little exaggerated. The city is exposed to these sudden caprices of the atmosphere, which render it a dangerous resort for persons suffering with pulmonary complaints. An instance occurred under my observation. A young gentleman from Boston, who had recovered at Rome from an attack of the consumption, visited this city on business, and was detained several weeks. He relapsed into the worst symptoms, and is scarcely expected to survive his passage home. Few of the climates of southern Europe are desirable for invalids. That of Rome or Pisa is called the best.

One of the greatest ornaments of Marseilles is the Quay—a broad promenade of solid granite, perfectly clean and neat, and a severe comment upon the wooden, filthy, dilapidated docks which disgrace New York. Our public spirited and enterprising merchants, by a little exertion, might accomplish an improvement in this particular, worthy of themselves and the great and increasing tide of commerce forever flowing into our port. By the way, my good friend there is a subject for your own pen. Fire away upon those nauseous wharves—embellish the harbour with clean, durable stone quays—and make New York the most beautiful city in the world; and a grateful posterity will honor you and me with statues. Fancy us upon pedestals, in Roman *togas*, with a circle of admiring spectators gazing up at our marble faces, in the year three thousand eight hundred and sixty.

Next to the quay I should rank the women, that extensive class of them I mean, who keep the shops. There is nothing in heaven like a young French girl behind a counter; she is thoroughly skilled in *manner*. It is brilliant and irresistible. They are graceful, pretty, attentive, gracefully flattering, and always good-humoured; and so different from those honest gentlemen behind the counters of Maiden-lane and Broadway, who tell you "the article cost three and sixpence," that one scarcely knows how to treat them. Their air resembles that of a charming belle in the meridian of a drawing room; mere pecuniary calculations—such paltry matters as *demi francs* and *sous* are the last things that enter my head; and I stand scraping bowing and stammering interjections in vile French, and pay ten times what my purchase is worth from mere politeness. They are arrant sirens after all, and have several beguiled me into bargains like that of Franklin's whistle, for most of them think it disreputable not to cheat a foreigner. Discovering that their obliging air was but a lure, and that my polite simplicity only plunged me deeper into the snare, I resolved to resist their demands with the bluntness of one who knew rather too much to be taken in so readily. Having occasion, therefore, for a pair of gloves, I suffered the counter to be heaped with untied packages—leather, kid and silk, cotton, linen, buckskin of every size, shape and color. The young girl toiled on with the same engaging smile. It was all in vain. Nothing would do. I turned to depart, when her perfectly cheerful "Ah, monsieur cannot suit himself. I am very sorry—pardon—*bon jour monsieur*," arrested me on the threshold. I felt like a scoundrel. I had thrown her shop into confusion. It was but just to take something. I selected a trifle, worth perhaps two shillings, and handed her a dollar. She threw the glittering coin into the drawer and gave me the sweetest smile in the world, and I bowed out to her *'bon jour monsieur*, ringing in my ears like the tones of a flute. There is no sound in nature like the *"bon jour monsieur,"* of a pretty French woman, after she has cheated you out of a dollar. It is actually delightful—perfect music—but it costs you more than the opera.

Day after to-morrow we start for *Florence the fair*, through *Frejus*—Cannes—Antibes—Nice—Finale—Genoa, the city of palaces—across the celebrated *Braco*, (one of the loftiest summits on the Appenines, over which carriages are obliged to travel by means of galleries cut through almost perpendicular rocks,) and by Pisa and Leghorn. The road presents the most beautiful parts of France and Italy, and after Nice, winds directly along the sea. I must not anticipate; but the descriptions of my friends in Marseilles fill me with curiosity and pleasing terror. Being one of a party of three, in preference to taking the diligence or mail, which offer many objections—such as travellers all night, over roads to be beautiful to be lost and too dangerous to be ventured upon in the darkness—we have concluded to travel *en voiturier*, that is, in a carriage hired for ourselves alone. The whole distance from Marseilles to Florence is about four hundred miles. Our Marseilles *voiturier* will conduct us to *Nice*; and there consign us to his uncle, whom he represents as a very honest and well known *voiturier* of Rome. We have been warned against letting these drivers *find us* on the journey; but Monsieur *Gourret* looks so honest and good, and gives such excellent references, that, to save trouble and confusion, we have contracted with him for all expenses. On concluding our arrangement, he put into my hand four or five franc pieces to bind me to the bargain, (if I disappoint him I return double the sum,) and is to wake me at four, in the morning of our departure. The pleasure of our first day's travel in *France* is anticipated with the most ardent delight and curiosity. We are a very happy circle.

To-night we have been to the theatre. The names of the opera and the two *vaudevilles*, and the actors who appeared in them, to be frank, I do not know. The house is neither pretty nor cheerful looking, nor the audiences half so well-behaved as those of the Park theatre, Mrs. Trollope, to the contrary notwithstanding. Groupes of officers and soldiers lounged around, in all possible kinds of hats, caps and feathers, and several brazen helmets glittered under us in the pit. With this exception there was no display. The ladies wore their cloaks and bonnets, and sat on the front balstrade with their backs to the stage, as did also divers gentlemen with their hats on. The latter talked aloud, hummed tunes, walked over the benches; and if they level their muskets as industriously as they do their opera-glasses, they are equally formidable as friends or foes. The audience are admitted behind the scenes, where they talk gallantries to the tragic queens, and take snuff and crack [illegible] with crowds of ancient sages and heroes. There are no seats whatever in the pit; tired admirers of the drama, criticise the actors standing, and drink in the charms of [illegible] ry and music with aching knees. At the [illegible] of every act, boys, bearing baskets of refreshments rush in, with loud cries, from all [illegible] of the house. The *corps dramatique* [illegible] bled most other *corps dramatique*, and pieces presented, in French, the same [illegible] ters, jokes, adventures and solemnities [illegible] Mr. Simpson has so long displayed at the [illegible] theatre, in English. A prince came, [illegible] among a company of his subjects, who, in a [illegible] pricious turn of their revelry, made him [illegible] his name, which flung them into the long [illegible] tablished attitudes of theatrical consternation. A broken hearted father and a long-lost daughter recognised each other from opposite corners of the stage, waited their cue to rush into each other's bosom, and then made their exit, "hand." In the farce, an old man and his [illegible] servant were frightened to death at their own shadows, and stood roaring, with their backs to each other till some of the spectators turned their backs to them—two walking lovers, by mistake, changed apartments, with the usual succession of dilemmas—tables were overturned—candles extinguished, and tea-things broken, occasioning as much rational enjoyment as those truly witty and humorous proceedings ever elicited from a crowd of my respected fellow citizens. The affair wound up by consigning a virtuous young lady to the matrimonial authority of a profligate scoundrel. The father of the girl tapped the youth on the shoulder, gently reproved him for his wild spirits, and ended by rewarding him with the hand of the still admiring mistress, who simpered forth another affectionate rebuke to the adoring swain.

It is easy to see, too, from certain trifles during the performance, that the Marseilles stage, like all stages, disregards the petty decencies of life, and that the audience, like all other audiences, countenance it by their applause. Every thing received with the most lively approbation during the evening was a *double intendre*, which much better merited a horsewhip. Our own theatres have not yet equalled the French in their violations of delicacy and propriety, but *they will*, unless arrested in their rapidly advancing career by the lash of the critic. Surely poetry, painting and music should offer sufficient attractions without the aid of obscenity. The performer must be wretched at his art who is driven to avail himself of such vulgarities to keep his hearers awake; and the taste must be grovelling indeed, who [illegible] coldly over an overture by Rossini, or a player of Shakspeare, and fall to clapping their hands and shouting at licentious scenes and coarse expressions. But Halleck's pen lies idle, Sprague dreams only of "money bags," Pauding won't write theatrical critiques, Verplanck sits half lost among the uplifted Congressional feet in the House of Representatives. Poor Sands is gone, and Bryant's life is gliding away like his own green river, except that it steals silently through a city, instead of stealing silently through a wood, and most of those who can write are pleading at the bar, or declaiming in the pulpit, or driving doctors' gigs through the streets in white spectacles, or immersed in the broils of political speculation. The chair of public taste is empty—mount it, some thundering Churchill, some angry Byron—whip ribaldry back from his open haunts. Protect mothers, wives, sisters and daughters from insult; shield shrinking modesty; assert her injured cause—

"Spare the fine tremors of her feeble frame."

CANALS NAVIGATED BY STEAM.

It appears by the Blairsville Record of Wednesday last, that steam has been introduced with decided success, on the Western division of the Pennsylvania Canal. The steam canal boat Adeline, passed up from Pittsburg to Johnstown, and returned, with a heavy load, her average speed being rather more than three miles an hour. She is propelled by means of a fixture of peculiar construction, placed in the stern of the boat, entirely under water, and which causes but a very trifling swell of the water.

A teaspoonful of Godfrey's cordial had caused the death of a child five weeks old, to whom it had been given to pacify it. An eminent physician stated that mothers should be particulary cautious in giving these specific medicines to their children, as that which might prove useful at one age might cause death at another, by the unequal mixture of the ingredients by those who were unacquainted with their respective virtues and strength.

Parson A. belonged to a temperance society, all *total abstinence* men; one of his friends had strange misgivings of the minister's cold water propensities. "Pray Mr. A." said he, "what is meant by *total abstinence*?" "Why," answered the shrewd clergyman, with a sly sneer, "it means *not to drink so fast as to choke yourself*?"

The keeper of a paltry Scotch ale house, having on his sign after his name, the letters M. D. F. R. S. a physician, who was a Fellow of the Royal Society, asked him how he presumed to affix these letters to his name. "Why, sir, said the publican, "I have as good a right to them as you have." "What do you mean, you impudent scoundrel?" replied the doctor. I mean sir," returned the other, "that I was Drum Major of the Royal Scots Fusileers.

APPROACH OF DEATH DESCRIBED BY A SAILOR.

The quaint but expressive language of sailors is well represented by Smollet, in the sea scene of some of his novels. Thus, in Roderick Random, when a pestilence prevailed on board the Thunder man of war, a sailor came to the surgeon's mate, a Watchman, to get a prescriptive for a brother sailor.

"Is he dead or alive?" asked the Watchman.

"Dead!" replied Jack, "if he was dead, he would not have no occasion for doctor's stuff. No thank God death ha'nt as yet boarded him, but they have been yard arm and yard arm these three glasses."

"Are his eyes open?" continued the mate.

"His starboard eye," said the sailor, "is open, but just jammed in his head; and the haulyards of his under jaw have given away."

In quarrying stones at Guernsey, Ohio, the petrified form of a young Indian was discovered. It was found embedded in a solid mass of rock.

Mr. John Patterson, who resided near Port Deposit, was killed on Wednesday of last week, by falling from a wagon, the wheels of which passed over his body.

THE ADVOCATE.

Thursday, June 26, 1834.

The present Editor of the Spy belabours our correspondent "Juvenal" at a great rate in his last number. Juvenal is able to take care of himself, we wish we could say as much for his opponent, who considering the *length* of time he has been before the public, has already attained to a comfortable quantity of modest assurance. The question is asked, what paper in this vicinity is, "made a common sewer for the venting of personal spite and the effusions of paltry and pointless wit!" The one who best claims this dignity, in our humble opinion, is a certain "enlarged sheet" that published a certain article in reply to a short notice of Miss Kemble, which appeared in our columns; said article being a pattern of "all the decency" and compared to which, "Juvenal's" production, is indeed "Hyperion to a Satyr."

We had other articles prepared for this number, but the absorbing topic of Lafayette and the demands of our correspondents, have excluded it.

Death of Gen. Lafayette.

It has become our melancholy duty to announce to our readers the death of Lafayette. Full of years and glory, this venerable patriot has gone down to the grave. As a nation, we hailed his last visit to our shores, and as a nation it becomes us to mourn his loss. He was emphatically the patriot of two continents, and for many years has in Europe, occupied a station that falls to the lot of but few men to hold. The oppressed of every nation, looked up to him, as the mariner does to the Light House in the storm, and like that, he beamed forth clear and unwavering, the sole beacon in a waste of despotism. His loss therefore is the greater, and the friends of liberty and freedom, may well lament the demise of one who consecrated with his blood our soil in his younger years, and who throughout the course of a long and chequered life—in the Dungeons of Olmutz, or as the chief of the National Guards—was the same friend of freedom, the advocate of the bondsman.

We subjoin an abstract from the

N. Y. COMMERCIAL OF THURSDAY.

DEATH OF LAFAYETTE.

This morning the packet ship Silas Richards, Captain Bursley, arrived from Liverpool, whence she sailed on the 24th of May. By this arrival the editors of the Commercial Advertiser have received numerous files of London papers to the 23d of May, and Liverpool to the 24th, both inclusive.

The first item of intelligence that attracted our attention, and before the tidings of the fact had reached us by rumour, was the death of the last surviving General of the glorious army of the American Revolution—the immortal LAFAYETTE! The accounts of his indisposition reaching us from time to time for several weeks past together with his great age, had indeed prepared us for this event. Still it will carry sadness to every American heart. We have given ample details of this melancholy event below. The English journals, of all parties, seem vying with each other to dim the lustre of the deceased patriot's character and renown. He died on the 20th of May. His funeral was to be celebrated on the 23d ultimo. The papers of the 21st—the day after his decease, were chiefly filled with remarks and particulars relative to his death. With two exceptions only—and those the two remaining advocates of the fallen cause of legitimacy—the French papers unite in bearing testimony to the eminent political qualities and private virtues of the departed patriot.

The Death of General Lafayette is one of those events which cannot take place without striking home to a nation's heart with that force of mighty sadness which is remembered once and for ever. No corner of the earth but will be affected by the tidings. Filling the highest and the proudest station in public opinion, that was perhaps ever occupied by a mortal—inseparably associated with the birth and progress of the grand events which have placed this age in an unapproachable advance of every other, and which have given a new tone to the political aspect of the world—the death of the purest and most consistent republican of his time—will startle with the contrast of their own degeneracy the profligate anarchists of France, and the tottering idols of exploded despotism will exult in the removal for ever from the scene of life, of the incorruptible patriot—the sway of whose holy principles made them shake and tremble on their lofty thrones.

And America! how will the voice of universal sadness ring from her thousand hills, now that the last of the memorable men who guided her arm in the dark hour of her revolutionary struggle, is no more! The friend of her Washington—the last link that bound his living memory with her present greatness—the first in her affections—the first in her gratitude—whose memory will live last in her remembrance. Lafayette! thou great and good! the time will never come when the recollection of thy virtues and thy services will be effaced from the heart of the country of thy adoption, and to which thy exertions so greatly contributed to give rank among the nations of the earth.

This is not the time, and not the place, to give that view of Lafayette's character to which it is entitled. What vicissitudes of political life have been his! He commenced his career when the light of the most dazzling period of the lofty monarchy of France was still bright upon the land. Actuated by the impulses of his generous enthusiasm, he enlisted his energies in that infant cause of liberty which attained a vigorous manhood in America, and stretching across the wide Atlantic, soon grew to a giant's might in his native land.—"The Royal Ship of France went down." The feudal rule of a thousand years was supplanted by the genius of Revolution, which, drunk with license, and mad with new-found power, stalked on from desolation to desolation—subverting all, controlling all, destroying all—until mankind grew sick with horror, and turned frighted from the sight.

But Lafayette had no part with its blood, its terrors, or its crime—his voice was heard above the storm—the pure serenity of his principles prevailed at last, and for a moment France seemed to have settled into the grandeur and dignity of regulated freedom. Then came the iron sway of a sterner but more imposing despotism. Napoleon went on from conquest to conquest—gathering glory from successive victories—and, concentrating the nation's energy with his own fame and power, till the bubble burst, and he fell, crushed beneath the massive weight of the edifice he had created.

Lafayette never bowed down to the splendid idol. When the world went wild with adoration—aloof, and in retirement, the republican General, unawed, unflattered, and untimidated preserved his consistency and principles. The Bourbons, supported by the bayonets of the Holy Alliance, returned to the throne which mocked their imbecility. The patriot of 1787 was true to himself in 1814. He had no common cause with men whose promises were faithless—whose presence was an incubus on the land. And in the hundred days, still faithful to the guiding principles of his life, he distrusted the suspicious love for constitutions, when found in the despot master of the Confederation of the Rhine.

When the dynasty of Napoleon was crushed by the arm of England never to rise, on the plains of Waterloo—the unseduced pureness, and far-reaching wisdom of Lafayette saved the nation from the tremendous horrors of a protracted struggle, which the defeated and desperate monarch could have created.

For fifteen years, the chafed and uneasy nation again endured the Bourbon sway. Lafayette, throughout, distrusted them—and when, with madness weak as it was wicked, they attempted in 1829 to wield the sceptre of Louis the Fourteenth, and they fell, in an instant, beneath the fearful re-action they had created.

The all-powerful character and spotless integrity of Lafayette was interposed to save the nation. All France was in his hands. With the ease of instant determination he might have stepped into the vacant throne—but he preferred the greatness of saving his country to the glory of ruling it.

His conduct then, completed his renown, and gained him a distinction of pure and unadulterated fame which no public character ever before attained. From that time he has remained the idol of his country and the wonder of the world—the man whose character and whose consistency alone preserved the nation.

Acknowledged by all to be the man who held the jarring destinies of Europe and of the earth in his hand—acknowledged by all, and proved, by events, to have been the only man existing who could not abuse his trust, who could not be tempted by his situation.

Such, in a few words, was Lafayette—the morning star of one Revolution, and the guiding light of another—he lived to see his principles triumphant and his glory complete—by saving his country at the most tremendous crisis of its whole history—and has gone down to the grave with an honor, a celebrity, and a purity of reputation rarely if ever before attained by any public character.

COMMUNICATIONS.

FOR THE MARIETTA ADVOCATE.

"Cum tabulis animum censoris sumet honesti."

MR. MCCAY:—"The highly important individual who fills the Editorial chair of that *pink* of periodicals, the Columbia Spy," to use his own language, ("admire his modesty") certainly rivalled Billingsgate in his last "pink;" a circumstance at which I am much astonished, as he decidedly denounced those Editors who were addicted to abuse. This learned "Theban" commences his last article, by asking compassion from his readers—he will receive it; he has so completely developed his mental incapacity in his last incomparably foolish article, that the reader cannot fail to pity him.—He next proceeds to compare me to the mighty Zoilus or the unsparing Jeffrey. I presume he means the infamous Lord Chief justice of Charles IId reign. Now Zoilus in the abstract is a word from the Greek, signifying an envious person—is it possible that this "Theban" can imagine I am envious of *him*; if he does think so he is sadly mistaken, I have no ambition to be a laughing stock, for the public, an unenviable distinction that the "Day's Excursion" has already obtained for its author. Proceeding onward he has translated the signature of Juvenal into juvenile or youthful—the real Latin of youthful, is Juvenilis,—of youthfulness, is juvenilitas—of youth, juventus; Juvenal being a proper name; now how this "superlative Latinist" can make youthful of Juvenal passeth my ken. He next thinks that *fool* would be the most proper signature: if he does think so, that could give him no title to turn the letter O into a cypher—a most ridiculous perversion, but not surprising for so shallow an intellect. He next talks of my consistency in abusing the press of my native land;—my strictures were aimed only at the "Spy;" the public of Columbia and Marietta who generally see the silly, conceited and egotistical effusions of the Editor of that journal, can judge if I tell not the truth. He next tries to evade the just accusation of retailing foreign falsehoods copied into Fay's minute book, from which the Editor of the Spy retails them. To his next paragraph I answer, most "learned Theban," had you attentively examined Shakespeare, you would have found the quotation I made as liable to the same misconstruction in the original, as in the form I used it: it was thus:

"A man no more to be compared to my father
Than Hyperion to a Satyr."

Your construction would make the murderer Hyperion and Hamlet's father the Satyr. Fie! Fie! if you can blush, let the blood colour your cheeks. The next thing this Tyro *Editor* lays violent hands on, is a sentence not strictly grammatical; on refering to the original manuscript the sentence stands thus: "Talent does not consist," &c. therefore the unfortunate "s" must have been added by mistake in the typography, or inadvertantly introduced in the copy; but my opponent (by talking of plural nouns and singular verbs) would try to persuade those readers who are no grammarians, that the sentence contains a number of mistakes, instead of the trifling error of placing a *plural* where a singular noun should have been—and this error caused by the mere addition of an "s."—The typography of his own paper is not without a single mistake, and should he desire it, I will point it out in his last "Spy," which should have been faultless; especially the editorial articles after his abusive attack; but like the fly, he has passed the sound part and settled on what he imagined to be a sore. Those parts that contain charges against him worth noticing he has passed over in silence, doubtless from inability to answer them in a satisfactory manner. He next writes of dignity—but the true cause of the want of dignity in one press is the Editor who presides over it, lest this sentence should be misconstrued, I mean the Spy and its Editor.

The remainder of this uncivil article of the Spy—that is the Editor's own is not worth mentioning. I shall merely say to his quotation from Byron; that the motto which heads this article, is more descriptive of the character of the kind of critic I wish to be. As he has denounced my ignorance of domestic authors, he must be so well acquainted with them, as to know from whom I make the following short extract, it is so descriptive of such a man I can not forbear inserting it:

———His brain is filled
With a huge mass of heterogenous nonsense
Which, with a look as solemn as the Owl's,
He doles forth to mankind, and calls it wisdom.

the rest of the passage is also applicable, but I have not time to copy it. And now leaving my adversary to the sublime contemplation of his own unmeaning and egotistical writings, I bid him adieu, with this information; "that like the Porcupine, I have always a quill ready pointed."

JUVENAL.

☞ "Juvenal" will notice we have taken some liberties in altering and erasing. This we claim, not only as an Editorial privilege, but because however much he might have reason to feel offended—the truth should not be spoken at all times and in all places—and also because his kind mention of our paper might seem objectionable, appearing in our own columns.

Jackson Meeting.

A large and respectable meeting of the Jackson Democratic Citizens of Marietta and vicinity, was held at the public house of Mr. John J. Libhart, on the evening of the 22nd inst. when JOHN HUSS, Esq. was called to the chair and J. J. LIBHART, and WM. R. MC CAY, appointed Secretaries.

The object of the meeting having been stated; Jacob Grosh, Esq. Dr. J. Glatz, James Noble, John Young, L. Taggert, Andrew Leader, and Randle McClure, were appointed a committee to report the sentiments of the meeting; the following is their report, which was unanimously adopted.

1. Resolved, That sad and painful experience, has proven beyond a doubt; that the Bank of the United States ought not to be re-chartered, under any circumstances whatever; Inasmuch, as it is not only an unconstitutional institution; but also as Jefferson the immortal apostle of liberty has said, "is more hostile to the liberties of the people, and the free institutions of our country, than standing armies." Or as Mr. W. J. Duane, (the late removed Secretary of the Treasury,) said in 1820, that it is like the fabled Upas tree, spreading ruin, death and desolation wherever it exists.

2. Resolved, Whereas the Senate of the United States, once uncorrupt and dignified, has preferred changes of the most heinous nature against the Chief Magistrate of the nation, that of trampling beneath his feet the constitution of his country, which he has solemnly sworn to support—and of usurping the control of the treasury, thereby emphatically declaring him a tyrant, usurper and a betrayer of the liberties of the people. Yet that Assembly deny him the right of petition and protest a privilege granted to every citizen of the republic. Therefore,

Resolved, That as American Citizens, we consider the Senate of the United States to have (by the vote condemning the President) been guilty of usurping power which does not belong to that body in its legislative character, and has greatly aggravated the offence against the nation by refusing to place the Presidents Protest on the journal of the Senate.

3. Resolved, That our much abused, and grossly calumniated patriot President; richly desorves, and will receive the gratitude of all the patriotic freemen of America. And we assure him, that the *notorious* patriotism of Pennsylvania will not leave nor forsake him, in his great, virtuous and patriotic struggle, against the whole monied aristocracy of the country.

4. Resolved, That we highly approve of the Presidents "protest" to the Senate of the United States, and most heartily respond to, and adopt the sentiments therein uttered; especially, do we respond to, and adopt the sentiment. "That it is not under a splendid government, supported by monopolies and aristocratical establishments, that the American people will find happiness, and their liberties protection; but in a plain system, void of pomp, pretecting *all*, and granting favors to *none*, dispensing its blessings like the dews of Heaven, unseen and unfelt, save in the freshness and beauty, they contribute to produce.

5. Resolved, That we are firmly persuaded, and thoroughly convinced, that the sentiments uttered by Gen. McKean in the Senate of the United States on presenting the memorial of the Harrisburg United States Bank convention, are incorrect, unfounded and erroneous in every respect; and we confidently assert, that Gen. McKean, will be fully (and we hope joyfully) convinced of this fact, at the next general election. We pity his credulity. For we will not believe that a *loan* from the Bank, or even the committee of the new fangled Harrisburg *whig* convention had the effect to *change* his opinion so *suddenly*.

6. Resolved, That in Mr. Benton, of Missouri, we recognize the champion of the PEOPLES interest, and that his great measure of the introduction of a gold currency, and the circulation of foreign coin is the only policy that should be tolerated amongst a free people, and best calculated to insure the permanacy of the Republic.

7. Resolved, That we tender our heartfelt gratitude, to the Hon. Wm. Wilkins and all those Senators; to Muhlenberg, Sutherland, and all those members of the House of Representatives in Congress, who so patriotically support the cause of the people, against the corrupt monied aristocracy of the country. And,

Whereas, We have sufficient reason, to induce a belief, that the wishes and opinions of a majority of the people of our district, are at present misrepresented in Congress. And whereas it is confessedly a subject of the utmost importance at all times; but still more especially so at the present all important crisis, when the creature elevates itself above the creator, or in other words, when the Bank puts itself at the defiance of the government elected by the people; to be correctly represented in that body. Therefore,

Resolved, That we most humbly, and most earnestly, solicit our Democratic brethren, and all those opposed to the conduct and assumptions of the Bank of the United States, throughout the whole Congressional district, and particularly those of our own county, to hold Township and Borough meetings as early as possible, in order to effect an efficient organization of *all* the opposers to a monied aristocracy, before the next election. Do this and our word for it; misrepresentation from this county and district, will cease, in Congress and in the State Legislature, and Democracy, Jeffersonian Democracy will triumph.

Resolved, That we cordially respond to, and adopt the sentiments of our Democratic brethren lately expressed at a meeting in Drumore township; "That at a crisis when a lawless Bank aimes to place itself above the government and the people; it were treason to be silent."

Resolved, That we have undiminished confidence in Governor Wolf; he deserves and receives the grateful applause of "well done" from the Democratic family of the State, who highly approve his general measures, but still more particularly applaud his message of the 26th of February last to the Legislature, wherein he so patriotically exposed the assumptions and conduct of the Bank of the United States, and thus rescued Pennsylvania from the thraldom of that monster of aristocracy; and restored her credit at home and abroad on a firm basis; and thus saved our invaluable internal improvements from delapidation and ruin. And,

Whereas, Our national anniversary is at hand, and we wish to celebrate the same with appropriate festivities and ceremonies, as well as to express freely in appropriate toasts our opinions, on national State and other affairs, and thus put us in mind of the times "which indeed tried men's souls." Therefore,

Resolved, That a committee of arrangement be appointed, whose duty it shall be, to select and appoint the place and hour of meeting, to invite all persons who are opposed to the United States Bank and its conduct, to join us and partake of the festivities of the day; to procure the articles necessary and convenient on such occasions, and perform such other duties, as they may deem proper and expedient: Second; a committee of "toasts," whose duty it shall be to select and adopt appropriate sentiments or toasts, to be drank on the occasion.

When J. Huss, Esq, J. J. Libhart, Randle McClure, Wm. R. McCay, and John Young, were appointed the committee of arrangement. and J. Grosh, Esq. Fletcher Wilson, Lewis Leader, and Dr. Jacob Glatz, were appointed to prepare toasts.

Resolved, That the foregoing proceedings be signed by the officers of the meeting, and that the editors of the "Marietta Advocate" and of the "Lancaster Journal," be respectfully requested to give them a place in their respective papers. Other editors friendly to the cause, will confer a favor by doing the same.

J. HUSS, Chairman.

J. J. LIBHART, } Secretaries.
WM. R. MCCAY, }

Fourth of July Celebration.

A meeting of a respectable number of the citizens of the Borough of Marietta, and its vicinity, who are opposed to the proceedings and arbitrary measures of Andrew Jackson, as President of the United States, was held at the house of Mr. John H. Withers, on the Evening of Monday the 23d of June, 1834.

When the following named persons, were appointed a committee to make arrangements for the Celebration of the next Anniversary of our Independendence.

Samuel D. Miller,
David Ferree,
Maj. Frederick Haines,
Abraham Zublin,
George Alstadt,
Henry Sultzbach,
Jacob Stahl,
John Parke,
Jacob Scheidley,
Abraham Cassell,
Peter Baker,
Abraham N. Cassell,
John Paules,
A. L. Evans,
Abraham Varley,
John Kline,
John H. Goodman,
Dr. Samuel Houston,
Leonard Fidler,

The Committtee have accordingly agreed with Mr. Withers, to prepare a dinner on that occasion to which citizens and strangers are respectfully invited. Subscription papers are left at the house of Mr. Withers, Mr. Stackhouse, Mr. Goodman and Mr. George Ferree, in Maytown.

By order
SAMUEL D. MILLER,
Chairman of the committee of arrangements.

Mr. M'KIM of Baltimore, offered a resolution in the House of Representatives, on Saturday, authorising the Secretary of the Treasury to issue Treasury notes, to the amount of *Fifteen Millions of Dollars*, to be loaned to individuals, on satisfactory security, reimbursable in 1836. The N. Y. *Evening Post*, an administration paper, says:—We should have but two objections to such a scheme: in the first place, it is unconstitutional; and in the second, it is unnecessary.'

THE AFFAIR AT TOULON.

A correspondent, a Naval Officer, writes:—"The recent letter from Toulon, giving an account of the unfortunate salute of the frigate United States, has caused great pain and mortification, not only to our naval officers, but equally to their fellow citizens.

"Toulon, from whence the above letter comes is, unfortunately for us, a place where there has existed for some time past, a most unaccountable and rancorous hostility against us; but I am delighted to say it is the only place in France where such a feeling exists.

"Therefore, let us be cautious how we may believe all that comes from such a suspicious quarter, when it goes to affect our naval reputation.

"The frigate United States is one of the best disciplined ships in our service, and a pride and ornament to it; and is commanded by an able and vigilant officer.

"The first lieutenant is favourably known as one possessing the highest qualities of an officer and seaman. The second lieutenant is an efficient officer, and an ornament to the service, and indeed all her officers are the choice spirits of our corps.

"With such materials as these to direct and manage, could there be such neglect as is imputed?—No.

"In the absence of a statement from her commander, I will suppose how the mournful accident has happened.

"All our ships of war, on leaving a port, load their guns; single shotted, so as never to be caught unprepared. Before entering a friendly port, the guns are always unshotted. Now in loading, perhaps in one of the guns two shot might have been entered; the gunner in drawing one from each; supposed none left behind.

"This unfortunate shot caused, no doubt, the lamentable occurrence, but it is preposterous to suppose more than one gun shotted; the noise and whizzing of the balls would have stopped the salute."

McDonald Clarke—known by the familiar sobriquet of the mad poet—has recently delivered in Boston and New York, a course of lectures upon Love and Matrimony. The following extract furnished by the N. Y. Transcript is said to be a favourable specimen of the Lecturer's manner:—

"In the vast flower field in human affection; the old bachelor is the very scarecrow of happiness, he drives away the little birds of love; that come to steal the hemlock seeds of loneliness and despair. Where then is a more pitiable object in the world, than a man who has no amiable woman interested in his welfare!—How dismal does his desolate room appear, when he comes home at night; wet and hungry, and finds a cold hearth—a barren table—and a lonely pillow; that looks like the white urn of every earthly enjoyment! See the sickly old bachelor in the afternoon of life, when his heart is sinking to its sundown! Not a solitary star of memory gleams over the dusk of his opening grave—no weeping wife, to bend, like a blessing, over his dying bed—no fond daughter, to draw his chilly hand into the soft pressure of hers, and warm his icy blood with the reviving fires of unfailing affection—no manly boy, to link his breaking name with the golden chain of honorable society, and bind his history in the vast volume of the world he is leaving forever. He has eat.—and drunk—and died!—and earth is glad she's got rid of him; for he has done little else, but cram his soul into the circumference of a sixpence, and no human being, but his washerwoman, will breathe a sigh at his funeral."

PRICES OF LUMBER.

The following are the prices of the different kinds of Lumber for Sale in this borough, viz:

W. P. Panel Boards Pr. M.			$24,00
Do. do. First common " "	from	15,00 to	16,00
Do. do. Second com. " "		$10,00 to	11,00
Do. do. Cullings " "		$6,50 to	7,50
Plank one inch, same rate		" "	
First common yellow pine		$20,00 to	24,00
Second common do do	from	$12,00 to	15,00
Shingles 30 inch from $5,00 to			9,00
do. 2 ft. from $3,00 to			5,00
Scantling white Pine from $10,00		to	12,00
Do. Hemlock, from $7,00 to			00,9
Cherry boards from $15,00 to			25,00
Chair Plank, good,			20,00
Locust posts finished; pr. 100	from	$31 to	40,00
Do do rough " "	from	$12 to	25,00
Hogshead Staves pr. m. "	from	$20 to	25,00
Barrel do " "	from	$7 to	10,00
Sawed pine and Hemlock Rails pr. 100 from		$7, to	8,00

PRICES CURRENT.

	Marietta	*Balt.*	*Phil.*
FLOUR (wheat)	$4,50	5,12½	5,25
RYE FLOUR	300	3,50	3,50
Corn	50	100	62
WHEAT	95	1,12	1,12
RYE	55	66	66
OATS	25	31	30
CLOVERSEED	2,75	3,25	3,50
WHISKEY	20	23	22½
FLAXSEED	150	1,60	1,62
BUTTER	12	"	"
EGGS	8		"

ATTENTION!

DONEGAL RANGERS.

You are required to parade on the 4th of July next, at 8 o'clock, A. M. on the Market Square. An election will take place on that day for eight non-commissioned officers, a Secretary, Treasurer, and five members for a court of appeal for the ensuing year. By order,

J. T. ANDERSON, *O. S.*

June 26, 1834.

N. B. The court of appeal will be held at the house of Col. N. Latchem, on the evening of Saturday the 12th of July.

ATTENTION!

Pennsylvania Grays.

You will meet for parade at Market Square, on Friday the 4th of July, inst., at 7 o'clock, A. M. completely equipped, in white pantaloons. By order of the Captain,

S. S. RATHVON, *O. S.*

Marietta, June 26, 1834.

N. B. The election for non-commissioned officers will be held at 9 o'clock, A. M. at John J. Libhart's Hotel.

POETRY.

FROM THE METROPOLITAN.

"I Remember thy Voice.

I REMEMBER thy voice—when brightly
The sunbeams around me lie,
When the glorious day hath gladden'd
The face of the laughing sky.
When the midnight winds are sighing
With a faint and wailing sound,
And the city with its murmur
Lies dark and silent round.
When the lamps are dimly twinkling
In their cold and far array,
And toil, and care, and anguish,
Lie hush'd until the day,
I remember thy voice.

I remember thy voice—when harshly
Some other hath learn'd to chide,
And cold words are vainly uttered,
While my thoughts are wandering wide.
And, O! when the tones are gentle,
From a kindly heart and eye,
I dream of thy words of fondness,
And weep for the days gone by.
In the glittering blaze of splendour,
In the midst of the heartless crowd,
Amid shouts, and music, and laughter,
Amid murmurs confused and loud,
I remember thy voice.

I remember thy voice—when sadly
I sit in the evenings alone,
Or when lips beloved have spoken
With something of thy tone.
When the rich warm breath of summer
Hath rippled the silent wave,
And the scent of some lone wild flower
Bring dreams of thine early grave.
In the dark and dreary winter,
When the snow shower falleth light,
And they talk of the year departed
Round the home fire blazing bright.
I remember thy voice.

I remember thy voice—the future
May come with its smiles and tears,
And the past with its gloomy sorrow
May be hidden by sunny years.
The power of grief may weaken,
As it doth—in the hearts of men,
And the thoughts that are now so bitter,
May come faintly to me then.
O then will thy deep tones vanish!
Will that sound from my soul depart.
I remember thy voice—the echo
Is wringing my inmost heart.

FROM THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

TO JUNE.

By Leigh Hunt.

MAY's a word 'tis sweet to hear,
Laughter of the budding year;
Sweet it is to start and say
On May-morning, "This is May!"
But there also breathes a tune,
Hear it—in the sound of "June."
June's a month, and June's a name,
Never yet hath had its fame;
Summer's in the sound of June,
Summer, and a deepen'd tune
Of the bees, and of the birds;
And of loitering lovers' words:
And the brooks that, as they go,
Seem to think aloud, yet low;
And the voice of early heat,
Where the mirth-spun insects meet;
And the very colour's tone,
Russet now, and fervid grown
All a voice, as if it spoke
Of the brown wood's cottage smoke,
And the sun, and bright green oak.
O come quickly, show thee soon,
Come at once with all thy noon,
Manly, joyous, gipsey June.

May, the jade, with her fresh cheek,
And the love the bards bespeak,
May, by coming first in sight,
Half defrauds thee of thy right;
For her best is shared by thee
With a wealthier potency,
So that thou dost bring us in
A sort of May-time masculine,
Fit for action or for rest,
As the luxury seems the best,
Bearding now the morning breeze,
Or in love with paths of trees,
Or dispos'd, full length, to lie
With a hand-enshaded eye
On thy warm and golden slopes,
Basker in the butter-cups,
List'ning with nice distant ears
To the shepherd's clapping shears,
To the next field's laughing play
In the happy wars of hay,
While its perfume breathes all over,
Or the bean comes fine, or clover.

O could I walk round the earth,
With a heart to share my mirth,
With a look to love me ever,
Thoughtless much, but sullen never,
I could be content to see
June and no variety,
Loitering here, and living there,
With a book and frugal fare,
With a finer gipsy time,
And a cuckoo in the clime,
Work at morn, and mirth at noon,
And sleep beneath the sacred moon.

A MERRY LIFE.—An impudent ridiculous fellow being laughed at by all that came in his company, told some of his acquaintance, that he had the happy quality of laughing at all those who laughed at him. "Then," said one of them, "you lead the merriest life of any man in the world."

MUSICAL TUITION.

JOHN P. WIND,

Professor of Music, begs leave to inform the citizens of Marietta and its vicinity, that he will give instructions on the

Piano Forte, German Flute, Flagolet & Kent Bugle.

TERMS.—Eight dollars per quarter, for Piano Forte. Six dollars Flute or Flagolet. Ten dollars per quarter, Kent Bugle.

REFERENCES:—John H. Withers, John J. Libhart.

N. B. MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS and all the latest and most fashionable Music, can be had all times, at the Store of John H. Goodman, Market Street.

Marietta, June 19, 1834.

Stray Cow.

Came to the Plantation on which the subscriber resides, in East Dongall township, on Friday the 13th of June, 1834, A BRINDLE COLORED COW, with the ear mark.

The owner is desired to come forward prove his property, pay charges and take her away, otherwise she will be disposed of according to law.

PETER HARTMAN.

June 19, 1834.

Pine Grove Coal.

Just received a quantity of first quality PINE GROVE COAL; coarse and fine; all of which will be sold cheap.

J. GROSH.

Marietta, June 12, 1834.

P. S. The FINE is for Lime burners, and will be sold at $3 00 per ton, or a trifle over ten cents per bushel. J. G.

Removal.

ASHBEL GREEN, JR.

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

COLUMBIA, PA.

Has removed his office, to his residence in Second, between Locust and Walnut Streets.

A. G. Jr. will attend at Marietta on every Thursday, for the transaction of business, and may be found at Libhart's Hotel.

Columbia, June 12, 1834.

Second year of

PARLEYS MAGAZINE.

The unexampled success of this juvenile Work, which now circulates into every state and terriotory of the Union, has encouraged the publishers to renewed exertions in making it all that judicious Parents could reasonably expect for the amusement and instruction of Youth.

It is important to remark, that this Magazine has become a great favorite in Schools, and that judicious Parents and Teachers have discovered that its interesting matter, its spirited and appropriate engravings its entire novelty, added to the circumstance of its coming every fortnight fresh from the Press, in convenient and beautiful numbers, have all conspired to render it unusually attractive to young readers. It is read with avidity and pleasure; and the object of school education, so far as it relates to reading understandingly, acquiring at the same time valuable portions of knowledge, and an enduring taste for reading, is better accomplished by this interesting periodical, than by any means hitherto attempted.

There are now schools in every part of the country that take some twenty, some thirty, some forty, and some as many as sixty copies of this Magazine; and the Teachers. one and all, recommend its use and importance in the most unequivocal manner, and are exerting themselves to increase its circulation.

To such as are yet unacquainted with Parley's Magazine, we would state some of the interesting topics that it presents.

I. NATURAL HISTORY—Of beasts, birds, fishes, reptiles, insects; plants, flowers, trees; the human frame, &c.

II. BIOGRAPHY—Especially of the Young.

III. GEOGRAPHY—Accounts of places, manners, customs, &c.

IV. TRAVELS AND VOYAGES, in various parts of the world.

V. Lively descriptions of the Curiosities of *Nature and Art*,—in each of the U. States, and in other countries.

VI. LESSONS on Objects that daily surround Children in the Parlor, Nursery, Garden, &c.

Accounts of Trades and Employments.

VII. PARTICULAR DUTIES of the Young—to Parents, Teachers, Brothers, Sisters, &c.

VIII. Bible Lessons and Stories.

IX. NARRATIVES—Such as are well authenticated; Original Tales.

X. PARABLES, FABLES, and PROVERBS, where the moral is obvious and excellent.

XI. POETRY—Adapted to the youthful capacity and feelings.

XII. INTELLIGENCE—Embracing Accounts of Juvenile Books, Societies, and Remarkable Occurrences.

Many of the above Subjects are illustrated by numerous and beautiful Engravings, prepared by the best Artists and selected not only with a view to *adorn* the work, but to improve the Taste, cultivate the Mind, and raise the affections of the young to appropriate and worthy Objects. We would make them better children, better brothers, better sisters, better pupils, better associates, and, in the end, better citizens.

This Magazine comes out every other Saturday, and is sent to any part of the United States, by mail. Price, $1 a year, in advance. Six copies for $5; 20 copies for $15; or 25 quarterly parts for $5. Postage three quarters of a cent, if under 100 miles, one cent and a quarter only, for the greatest distance.

LILLY, WAIT, & CO.,
Publishers, 121, *Washington St.* Boston.

Subscriptions received at this office.

Dissolution of Partnership.

The partnership heretofore existing between FORSTER and LAW, Merchants, Marietta, was on the 9th inst. dissolved by mutual consent. All those indebted to said firm, are requested to make payment to Mehaffey and Law, who are authorised to recieve the same, and those having claims against said firm, are requested to present them for payment.

JOHN E. FORSTER,
JAMES S. LAW.

Marietta, May 15, 1834.

We the subscribers respectively inform our friends and the public generally, that we have purchased the establishment formerly owned by "FORSTER and LAW," of Marietta, and we expect in a few days to receive and keep constantly on hand a splendid assortment of goods, and the business will in future be conducted under the firm of Mehaffey and Law.

JAMES MEHAFFEY,
JAMES S. LAW.

Marietta, May 15, 1834.

The People's Magazine.

The first volume of the PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE, which is just completed, was commenced as an experiment. The unqualified approbation it has every where received, and the large list of subscribers it has already obtained, induce the Publishers to continue their efforts to make the work what they intended from the first—a permanent *family magazine*,—one, too, which shall be still more worthy of the high character it sustains. In pursuance of this determination, they will withhold no pains or expense. They have already secured such aid in the editorial department, as they deem necessary to the accomplishment of their purpose.

The great object of the *People's Magazine*, then, is to convey *useful instruction*, in plain and familiar, but chaste language, and in the *cheapest possible form*, to every cottage and fireside in the land. There are few families, to be found, who cannot afford to spend one dollar a year, for a visiter, twice a month, which shall give them valuable information and advice, on subject connected with their usefulness and happiness—which, while it shall not fail to *interest* and *amuse*, shall have still higher and nobler purposes in view—the improvement of the *mind*, and the cultivation of the *heart*.

Natural History will continue to receive, as it deserves, a considerable share of our attention. This science embraces many more topics than at first view might be supposed. Whatever relates to the character, nature, or internal structure, of *men*, *animals*, and *things*, is properly a subject of natural history.

But we shall not confine ourselves wholly to the animal, the vegetable and the mineral kingdoms of *nature*. We shall launch out, often, into *history*, *arts*, *manufactures*, &c. The pages of history are full of instruction. *Biography* will also be deemed an appropriate subject. In short, nothing which is calculated to benefit the minds and hearts of our readers, will be intentionally excluded.

We do not expect, in a semi-monthly magazine, to present all the important intelligence of the day, but only such as may be deemed of permanent value, as a matter of record. Even this will sometimes appear late. But delay has its advantages. Much mischief has been done, and many unnecessary pangs inflicted, by an unjudicious eagerness to circulate early intelligence. Every one will recollect instances, where the public press has in this way widely circulated false statements. These evils the People's Magazine will endeavor to avoid.

Engravings of a superior character will continue to be furnished; but while we labor, in this way, to render the work attractive, we intend much more. We believe the good engravings may be made to do something more than to amuse, or even illustrate. We believe they may be made to cultivate the mind, chasten the imagination, develope taste, and benefit the heart. Shall the teachers of vice find engravings an important aid in accomplishing—unworthy ends in vitiating the taste and imagination—and shall the teachers of virtue neglect to turn them to a good account, in the *promotion of human happiness?*

TERMS.—*Published every other Saturday, at* ONE DOLLAR *a year*, in advance. Six copies for five dollars.

The postage of this Magazine is three quarters of a cent for 100 miles, and one cent and a quarter only for the greatest distance. By special decision of the Post-master General.

Removal.

P. J. GORNER

Respectfully informs the citizens of the Borough of Marietta and the public in general that he has removed his

Chair Manufactory

to the new building lately built by James Steele, in the Market Square, next door to J. J. Libhart's Eagle Hotel, where he has on hand a general assortment of finished

Windsor Chairs, Settees, &c.

all of which he will dispose of on reasonable terms for *cash*.

Marietta, April 17, 1834.

Dissolution of Partnership.

The partnership heretofore existing between ESTERLE and CAROTHERS, Clock and Watch makers, Marietta, was dissolved on the first day of January last, by mutual consent.—Those having claims against said firm are requested to present them to G. K. Carothers for payment, and those indebted will please make payment to him.

JOHN ESTERLE.
G. K. CAROTHERS.

Marietta, February 22, 1834.

The subscriber informs his friends and the public that he has removed to the house lately occupied by J. Graybill, Esq. where he will continue the business of

Watch and Clock Making,

in its various branches. An assortment of *JEWELRY, WATCHES AND TIME-PIECES* will be constantly kept on hand.

GEORGE K. CAROTHERS.

Marietta, April 17, 1834.

Job Printing

EXECUTED AT THIS OFFICE.

Valuable Property

For Sale.

The Subscriber offers at Private Sale, the large and commodious

Brick Dwelling House,
AND LOT OF GROUND,

in the Borough of Marietta, now occupied by him as a Store and dwelling house. The property is situated on the South East corner of Market Square, very advantageous for doing public business, the Lot is under the best improvement, being supplied with a well of never failing water, a good cistern at the back door, good stabling, and all kinds of fall and summer fruit. Also, an adjoining

House and Lot of Ground,

in the Market Square.

Persons wishing to view the above described property, are requested to call on

JAMES STEEL.

Marietta, Feb. 6th, 1834.

LIBHART'S HOTEL

and Stage Office,

Corner of Gay & Front Streets, Marietta.

THE Subscriber returns his thanks to a generous public for the favors he has hitherto received, and respectfully announces to his customers and others, that he still continues to occupy that well known stand—the house has lately undergone considerable repairs, improvements and alterations, so as to render it more completely a home for the traveller.

The house is spacious and contains twenty-four rooms, two of which are private Parlors, and fitted up in good style for the accommodation of private parties. The above establishment enjoys one of the most advantageous situations in the place, being located in the centre of business, and commands a fine prospect of the river and its scenery.

The subscriber intends devoting his unremitted personal exertions in conducting the above establishment, and hopes by this assiduity and attention to merit that patronage so liberally extended to him heretofore, and for which he hereby makes his most grateful acknowledgements.

B. LIBHART.

Feb. 7, 1833.

James Noble,

Auctioneer and Vendue Crier

Offers his services to the people both in TOWN AND COUNTRY, and would be thankful for a share of public patronage.

References as to capability, enquire of
BENJAMIN LIBHART,
RIEB & LIBHART,
DAVID WALKER.

Marietta November 30, 1833.

C. Inhofe.

Respectfully informs his friends and the public generally that he has removed directly opposite to his former stand and a few doors below John Clements tavern, where in addition to his former stock he has received a fresh supply of

Groceries, Liquors, and Confectionary,

with various other articles in his line all o which will be sold low for cash.

Marietta, April 10, 1834.

Office of the Susquehanna Bridge and Bank Company,

BALTIMORE, February 23d, 1833.

THE President and directors of this Company have adopted the following rates of interest to be allowed on Deposites of money at this Office, viz:—

On Deposites payable *Ninety* days after demand.	5 pr. cent per annum
On Deposites payable *Thirty* days after demand,	4 per ct. per annum
On current Deposites, subject to be checked for at the pleasure of the Deposites, ☞ to such persons as may request it.	3 per cent per annum
On weekly Deposites, which may be withdrawn on the first day of January or first day of July in each year, at which periods the Interest on said Deposites will be payable.	5 per cent

Certificates are issued for all *special* Deposites.

Collections are made on most of the principal towns, where Banks are located, in the several states.

Discount days *Wednesdays* and *Saturdays*.

On Saturdays the Office is open for business until 5 o'clock in the afternoon. By order,

W. E. COALE, CASHIER

March 14 1833.

Rathvon and McClellan,

Tailors.

Respectfully make known to the citizens of Marietta, and vicinity, that they have entered into co-partnership in the above business, under the firm of "RATHVON and McCLELLAN," in the lower room of the building occupied by Joseph Bucher, in Market Street, Marietta, nearly opposite J. H. Goodman's, and a few doors west of D. Ferree's store. Those who may have confidence, and favour them with their patronage, may rely on having work done expeditiously, and in the most

Durable and Fashionable Style,

as arrangements have been made to receive, as early as possible, the latest and most approved fashions.

S. S. RATHVON, from several months recent experience in Philadelphia, flatters himself that they will be enabled to give general satisfaction.

S. S. RATHVON, would also beg leave to tender his greatful acknowledgments to the public for their liberal encouragement bestowed upon him when formerly in business, and solicits a continuance of that liberality to the firm.

NOTICE.

Wanted on loan for a term of years, by the Corporation of Marietta,

$700.

Proposals received by
S. D. MILLER, Chief Burgess.

Marietta, April 17, 1834.

LUMBER Yard.

In the Eastern prt of Marietta

J. GROSH.

GRATEFUL for past favors, informs his old customers, and a generous public, that he still continues to keep on hand and at his old stand, LUMBER of every description, among which are.

White and Yellow Pine Boards,

and Plank, 30 and 24 inch Shingles, Joists Rafters and Scantling from 10 to 40 feet long and from 3 by 4 to 7 by 8 inches thick.

Hewed Timber,

of several lengths and sizes. Ready made and rough Locust Post, Pine and Hemlock Rails, Hogshead and Barrel Staves.

Also STONE COAL, of the best quality by the ton. All of which he is determined to sell low for CASH, or approved short credits.

Marietta, July 18, 1833.

Lumber YARD.

THE SUBSCRIBER respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he has in addition to his former stock of lumber a large assortment of long timber, Joist, Scantling, and Rafters: Timber from 10 to 50 feet in length, Joist from 10 to 22 feet, scantling from 10 to 24 feet, Rafters from 10 to 27 feet, all of which he offers for sale at the current prices—between two and three hundred thousand Shingles at a reduced price.

JAMES MEHAFFEY.

Marietta, Jan. 31, 1833.

A. M. Beatty,

AUCTIONEER and VENDUE CRIER.

Respectfully informs the people generally both in Town and Country, that he continues to attend to the above business and may be found by inquiring of *Samuel McKinney* in Front Street Marietta.

References as to capacity enquire of
WILLIAM CHILD,
SAMUEL HOPKINS,
JOHN H. GOODMAN,

October 12, 1833.

COFFEE HOUSE

HOTEL.

No. 38, SOUTH STREET, BALTIMORE.

THE SUBSCRIBER thankful for the encouragement that he has received, from his friends and the public since he commenced the above establishment, respectfully informs them that he still continues at the same place, and hopes by his attention to the comforts of his Guests to merit a share of their patronage.

JOHN S. BAKER.

March 7, 1833.

GOODS

selling off at first cost for cash.

The subscribers having determined to close their business in this place as soon as possible, would call the attention of the public to their EXTENSIVE assortment of MERCHANDIZE which they are now offering for sale at first cost. C. HERTZLER & WILSON.

Marietta Sept. 5th, 1833.

Notice.

ALL persons in any way indebted to the subscribers are hereby respectfully notified to come forward and discharge their respective accounts immediately, or abide with the consequences. ALSO persons having claims against the firm are requested to present them for settlement.

HERTZLER & WILSON.

Sept. 5. 1833.

Dissolution of Partnership.

The co-partnership in the Hatting business, heretofore conducted under the firm of "BARR and CASSEL," of Marietta, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. Those having claims against the firm are requested to present their accounts for payment to A. N. Cassel, and all those indebted to the firm are required to make payment to said Cassel, who is authorized to receive all outstanding debts due the firm.

JOHN BARR.
A. N. CASSEL.

Marietta, January 4th, 1834.

A. N. CASSEL,

Respectfully informs his friends and the public that he has taken, and will continue the Hatting establishment heretofore conducted under the firm of Barr and Cassel.

January 4, 1834.

HARDWARE,

Drugs, Paints, Oils and

DYE STUFFS.

The subscriber still continues to keep, and has on hand a good supply of

DRUGS, PAINTS, OILS, GLASS, DYE STUFFS, AND SHOP FURNITURE.

which he offers on the best terms to those who will favor him with their custom.—Also, a general supply of

PATENT MEDICINES,
GROUND SPICES
Mahogony Venires,

Swaim's Celebrated Panacea,

for the cure of Scrofula or King's Evil, Mercurial diseases, Rheumatism and all disorders arising from a bad state of the blood; this medicine has been recommended by the best Physicians of Philadelphia. All orders will be thankfully received and particular pains taken that no accidents or mistakes may occur. A liberal discount will be allowed to Physicians and wholesale dealers.

J. T. ANDERSON,

Marietta, Jan. 23, 1834.